

# The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTNA BELLINGER

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## SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starts for an auto drive in New York, finding a stranger sent as her chauffeur. Later she is accosted by a stranger who climbs into the auto and chloroforms her. James Hamilton of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha. Hamilton, a Hambleton, seizes Agatha and takes her aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops overboard. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hamilton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hamilton, he makes call upon Grandma, Madame and Miss Melanie Reynier. He proposes to the latter and is refused. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hamilton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chatelet, who is Agatha's abductor. They fight and are interrupted by the sinking of the vessel. Jimmy and Agatha swim for hours and finally reach shore in a thoroughly exhausted condition. He covering slightly, the pair find Hand, the chauffeur who assisted in Agatha's abduction. He agrees to help them. Jim, delirious and on the verge of death, Hand goes for help. He returns with Dr. Thayer, who revives him, and the party is conveyed to Charleston, where Agatha's property is located. Van Camp and his party, in the Sea Gull, reach Charleston and get tidings of the wreck of the Jeanne D'Arc. Aleck finds Jim on the verge of death and Agatha in a stupor. Dr. Thayer declares his sister, Mrs. Stoddard, is the only one who can save Jim. She is a woman of strong religious convictions, and dislikes Agatha on account of her profession. She refuses to nurse him. Agatha pleads with her and she consents to take the case. Van Camp hears Agatha's story and gets on the track of Chatelet. Hamilton is finally out of danger. Chamberlain, friend of Van Camp, goes to Charleston. Agatha meets Melanie Reynier and both are surprised at their remarkable resemblance. Chamberlain by a chance industry induces him to go to Agatha's house. Melanie recognizes Chatelet as the spy of her persecutor, on whom she has a grudge. It was Melanie Chatelet he thought he was abducting. Before he can be arrested Chatelet escapes in an auto.

## CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Samson—ah!" she exclaimed gaily. "I hardly know you, all fixed up like this."

"Oh, I look much better than this when I'm really dressed up, you know," Jim asserted. Agatha patted his knuckles indulgently, looked at the thinness and whiteness of the hand, and shook her head.

"Not gaining enough yet," she said. "That isn't the right color for a hand."

"It needs to be held longer."

"Oh, no, it needs more quiet. Fewer visitors, no talking, and plenty of fresh milk and eggs."

Jimmy almost stamped his foot. "Down with eggs!" he cried. "And milk, too. I'm going to institute a mutiny. Excuse me. I know I'm visiting and ought to be polite, but no more invalid's food for me. Handy Andy and I are going out to kill a moose and eat it—eh, Andy?"

But Hand was gone. Agatha sat down in a big rocker at the other window. "In that case," she said demurely, "we'll all have to be thinking of Lynn and New York work."

Jim shamelessly turned feaster. "Oh, no," he cried. "I'm very ill. I'm not able to go to Lynn. Besides, my time isn't up yet. This is my vacation."

He looked up smiling into Agatha's face, ingenious as a boy of seven.

"Do you always take such—such venturesome holidays?" she asked.

"I never took any before; at least, not what I call holidays," he said. "If you don't come over here and sit near me, I shall get up and go over to you. And Andy says I'm very wobbly on my legs. I might by accident drop into your lap."

Agatha pushed her chair over toward James, and before she could sit down he had drawn it still closer to his own. "The doctor says my hand has to be held," he assured her, as he got firm hold of hers.

"For shame!" she cried. "Mustn't tell lies."

"Tell me," he begged, "is this your house, really, truly?" It brought, as he knew it would, her ready smile.

"Yes," she nodded.

"And is that your tree out there?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" he sighed. "It's great! It's Paradise. I've dreamed of just such a heavenly place. And Andy says we've been here two weeks."

"Yes—and a little more."

"My holiday half gone!" His mood suddenly changed from his jocular and boyish manner, and he turned earnestly toward Agatha.

"I don't know, dear girl, all that has happened since that night—with you on the water, and then me off most villainously. But I know it's Heaven being here with Aleck and every one so good to me, and you! You've come back, somehow, like a reality from my dreams. I watch for you. You're all I think of, whether I'm awake or asleep."

struck, looking at him. It was plain that Jimmy, for the moment, had the upper hand. "And that's about all!" he laughed.

"What on earth, man, is the matter with you?" fumed Straker. "Didn't you know there were a hundred chances to one the yacht wouldn't pick you up?"

Jimmy nodded, unabashed. "One chance is good enough for me. Nothing can kill me this trip, I tell you. I'm good for anything. Lucky stars' over me. I know it all the time."

Straker turned a disgusted face toward Agatha. "He's crazy as a loon! Isn't he?" he questioned glumly. But Jimmy knew his man.

"No, not crazy, Mr. Straker. Only a touch of sun! And it's glorious, isn't it, Miss Redmond?"

She loved him for his boyish laughter, for the rollicking spirit in his voice, but her eyes suddenly filled as she pondered the meaning back of his extraordinary story. With Mr. Straker gone at last, it was she who came to Jim with outstretched hands.

"You mean you heard me call for help, then on the hill?"

"Yes," he answered, suddenly sheepish.

"And you followed to rescue me if you could?"

"Yes—of course."

"Ah, James! Why did you do it?"

Jim's answer was an expression beamed from his eyes. "I followed the Voice and the Face—as I told you once before. Don't you remember?"

"I remember. But why?"

His seven-year-old mood was suddenly touched with poetic dignity. "I could laugh else," he said, looking into her face. It was all tenderness; and she did not resist when he drew her gently down, till her lips touched his.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A Man of No Principle.

Monsieur Chatelet's disappearance was as complete as though he had dropped off the earth. The sheriff, with his warrant in his pocket, hid his chagrin behind the sugar and flour barrels whose sale occupied his time when he wasn't losing malefactors.

Chamberlain, having once freed his mind to the grave-like Hand, maintained absolute silence on the subject, so far as the audience at the old red house was concerned. But he went into consultation with Aleck, and together they laid a network of police inspection about Ilon and Charleston.

"It won't do any good," grumbled Chamberlain. "We'll have to catch him and choke him with our own hands, if I ever gets done."

Nevertheless, they left nothing to chance. Telegraph and telephone were brought into requisition, and within twenty-four hours after the disappearance every station on the railroad, as well as every village along the coast, was warned to arrest the fugitive if he came that way. Mr. Chamberlain took the white motor and went off on long, mysterious journeys, coming back only to go into secret conclave with Aleck, or mysteriously to rush off again.

Aleck Van Camp stayed at home, keeping a dog-watch on Melanie and Madame Reynier, whether they were at the Hillside or at the old red house. Now that the purposes of the Frenchman had been made clear, and since he was still at large, the world was no safe place for unattended women. Aleck pondered deeply over the situation.

"Is your amiable cousin's henchman a man to be scared off by our recent little encounter, do you think?" he asked of Melanie.

She considered. "He might be scared, easily enough. But I know well that he has a contempt for the usual machinery of the law. He has evaded it so many times that he thinks it an easy matter."

Aleck smiled whimsically. "I don't wonder at that, if he has had many experiences like the last."

"He boasts that he can bribe anybody."

"Ah, so! But how much rope would the duke give him, do you think, on a pinch?"

"All the rope he cares to take. Stephen's protection is all-powerful in Krolvets; and elsewhere Chatelet depends, as I have said, on his wits."

"But there must be some limit to the duke's stretch of conscience!"

Melanie's eyes took on their faraway look. "Perhaps there is," she said at last, "but who can guess where that limit is? Besides, all he asks of his henchmen is results. He never inquires as to methods."

"Well, what do you think is the exact result Duke Stephen wants, in this case?"

"He wants me either to return to Krolvets and marry his brother, or—"

Melanie's hesitation was prolonged. "Or—what?"

"Or to disappear so completely that there will be no question of my return. You see, it's a peculiar case. If I marry without his consent—"

"Which you are about to do—"

"I simply forfeit my estates and they go into the public treasury, where they will be strictly accounted for. But if I marry Lorenzo—"

"Which is impossible—"

"Then the money goes into the family, of course, as my dot. Or—er, if I should die—in that case Stephen inherits the money. And there is no doubt but that Stephen needs money."

Aleck pondered for several minutes, while gray shadows threatened his face. But presently his smiling, unquenchable good temper came to the surface, and he gleefully tucked Melanie's hand under his arm.

"As I said before, you need a husband very badly."

"Oh, I don't know," she laughed.

The result of Aleck's moment of grave thought came a few days later, with the arrival of two quietly-dressed men. He told Melanie that one man was her chauffeur for the white machine, and the other was an extra hand he had engaged for the return trip on the Sea Gull. The chauffeur, however, for one reason or another, rarely took the wheel, and could have been seen walking at a distance behind Melanie whenever she stirred abroad. The extra hand for the Sea Gull did just the same as the chauffeur.

From the day of the arrival of the manager, Mr. Hand's rather mysterious but friendly temper underwent a change for the worse. He not only continued silent, which might easily be counted a virtue, but he became almost sulky, which could only be called a crime. There was no bantering with Salie in the kitchen, scarcely a friendly smile for Agatha herself. Mr. Hand was markedly out of sorts.

On the morning following Mr. Straker's request that Hand should repair the car, the manager found him tinkering in the carriage shed near the church. The car was jammed up on a horse-block, while one wheel lay near the road. Mr. Hand was as grimy and oily as the law allows, working over the machinery with a sort of vicious earnestness. Mr. Straker hovered around for a few moments, then addressed Hand in that tone of pseudo-gentility that marks a certain type of politician.

"Look here, colonel, I understand you were in the employ of that French anarchist."

It was an unlucky moment for attack, though Mr. Straker did not at once perceive it. Hand carefully wiped the oil from a neat ring of metal, slid down on his back under the car and screwed on a nut. As Mr. Straker, hands in pockets and feet wide apart, watched the mechanic, there came through the silence and the sweet air the sound of thrushes calling from the wood beyond. Mr. Straker craned his head to look out at the church, then at the low stone wall, as if he expected to see the songsters performing on a stage before a row of footlights. He turned back to Mr. Hand.

"That's right, is it? You worked for the slippery Mounseer?"

"Uh-hm," Hand grumbled, with a screw in his mouth. "Something like that."

"What'd you do?"

"I've found where she was wrenched in the turn-over. Got to have a new pin for this off wheel before she goes much farther."

"All right, I'll order one by telegraph today. What'd you do, I asked?"

Hand wringed himself out from under the car and got on his feet. He thrust his grimy hands deep into his pockets, stood for a moment contemplative and belligerent, as if undecided whether to explode or not, and then silently walked away.

As Mr. Straker watched his figure moving slowly toward the kitchen, he started a long low whistle, expressive of suspicion and doubt. Midway, however, he changed to a lively tune whose title was "I've got him on the run"—a classic just then spreading up and down Broadway. He took a few turns about the car, looked at the gearing with a knowing air, and then went into the house.

If he had been a small boy, his mother would have punished him for stamping through the halls; being a grown man and a visitor, he may be described as walking with firm, bold tread. Finally he was able to run down Agatha, who was conferring with Salie in the library.

Salie sniffed in scorn of Mr. Straker, whom she disliked far worse than Mr. Hand; nevertheless, as she left the room she twisted up her gingham apron and tucked it into its band in a vague attempt at company manners. Mr. Straker lost no time in attacking Agatha.

"What'd you know about that chauffeur-nurse and general roustabout that's taking care of your young gentleman up-stairs?" he inquired bluntly.

Innocent of subtlety as Mr. Straker was, he was nevertheless keen enough to see that Agatha's instincts took alarm at his words. Indeed, one skilled in reading her face could have detected the nature of the uneasiness written there. She could not lie again, as she had unwittingly lied to the sheriff; neither could she abandon her position as protector to Mr. Hand. She wished for cleverness of the sort that could throw her manager off the scent, but saw no way other than the direct way.

"Nothing—I know almost nothing about him."

"Comes from New York?"

"I fancy so."

"Well, take it from me, the sooner you get rid of him the better. Chances are he's a man of no principle, and he'll do you."

Agatha was silent. Meantime Mr. Straker got his second wind.

"Of course he knows what he's about when it comes to a machine," the manager continued, "but mark me, he knows too much for an honest man. Looks to me as if there wasn't anything on this green earth he can't do."

"Green ocean, too—he's quite as much at home there," laughed Agatha.

"Humph!" Mr. Straker grunted in disgust. "Let me assure you, Miss Redmond, that it's no joking matter."

Tradition to the contrary, Agatha was content to let the man have the last word. Mr. Straker turned to some business matters, wrote out telegraphic material enough to occupy the lazeurly Charlesport operator for some hours, and then disappeared.

Agatha was impressed by the manager's words somewhat more than her manner implied. She had no swift and sure judgment of people, and her experience of the world, short as it was, had taught her that recklessness is a costly luxury. She was meditating as to the wisest course to pursue, when the ex-chauffeur appeared.

Hand wore his accustomed loose shirt and trousers without coat or waistcoat, and it seemed as if he had never known a hat. His thick hair was tumbled back from the forehead. His hands were now spotless, and his whole appearance agreeably clean and wholesome. He even looked as if he were going to be frank, but Agatha knew that must be a delusion. It was impossible, however, not to be somewhat calmed—he was so eminently likable. Agatha took a lesson from his own book, and waited in silence for him to speak.

"Mademoiselle?" His voice had an undertone of excitement or nervousness that was wholly new.

"Well, Mr. Hand?"

He remained standing by the door for a moment, then stepped forward with the abrupt manner of a stripling who, usually inarticulate, has suddenly found tongue.

"Why did you do it, Mademoiselle?"

"Do what, my friend?"

"Back me up before the sheriff. Give me a slick walkout like that."

Agatha laughed good-humoredly.

"Why should I answer your questions, Mr. Hand, when you so persistently ignore mine?"

Hand made a gesture of impatience. "Mademoiselle, you may think me all kinds of a scamp, but I'm not idiot enough to hide behind a woman. Don't you know me well enough to know that?" he demanded so earnestly that she seemed very cross.

Agatha looked into his face with a new curiosity. He was very young, after all. Something in the way of experience had been grinding philosophy, of a sort, into him—or out of him. Wealth and position had been his natural enemies, and he had somehow been led to an attitude of antagonism that was, at bottom, quite foreign to his nature.

So much Agatha could guess at, and for the rest, instinct taught her to be kind. But she was not willing now to take him so seriously as he seemed to resist teasing him a bit, by saying: "Nevertheless, Mr. Hand, you did hide behind me; you had to."

He did not reply to her bantering smile, but in the pause that followed, stepped to the bookcase where she had been standing, gingerly picked up a soft bit of linen and lace from the floor and dropped it into her lap. Then he faced her in an attitude of pugnacious irritation. For a brief moment his silence fell from him.

"I didn't have to," he contradicted. "I let it go because I thought you were a good sport, and you wouldn't catch me backing out of your game, not by a good deal! But there's a darned sight—pardon me, Mademoiselle!—there's too much company round here to suit me. You know me, you know you can trust me, Mademoiselle! But what about Tom, Dick and Harry all over this place—casting eyes at a man?"

Agatha, almost against her will, was forced to meet his seriousness halfway. "I don't know what you mean," she said.

"Tell 'em!" he burst out. "Tell 'em the whole story. Tell that blundering knothead manager that I'm a crook and a kidnaper, and then he'll stop nosing round after me. I'll have an hour's start, and that's all I want. Dogging a man—running him down under his own automobile! Hand permitted himself a dry smile at his own joke, but immediately added: "It goes against the grain, Mademoiselle!"

Agatha's face brightened, as she grasped the clue to Hand's wrath. "I've no doubt," she answered gravely. She knew the manager. "But why should I tell him, as you suggest?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sublime Thoughts.

For all our penny wisdom, for all our . . . slavery to habit, it is not to be doubted that all men have sublime thoughts.—Emerson.

## His "Guess" Easily the Best

Reckless Did a Little Thinking and Astonished His Crowd of Competitors.

Men wonder at what they do not understand, but a seeming marvel often becomes absurdly simple when it is explained. Many years ago a schoolmaster, in the course of his travels, had occasion to stay for a day or two at a country tavern. As he sat in the public room with a dozen other persons, evidently natives of the place, there came along a man with a fat hog that he was driving to market. Leaving the animal outside, he entered the inn and joined the little company. Several of the latter went to the window to look at the hog.

"That's a fine pig you've got there, neighbor," remarked one. "Do you know what he'll weigh?"

"Yes, sir," returned the pig owner, "I had him on the scales just before I started out. What do you guess he'll weigh?"

The questioner, thus questioned in turn, looked at the pig carefully, and made a guess. The owner turned to the rest of the company, and said:

"Will not somebody else give a guess? Just for the fun of it, let everybody have a try."

The proposal met with favor. One after another the men eyed the pig critically, and after due consideration, gave their estimates of his weight. The schoolmaster, who seemed deeply absorbed in his own thoughts, alone took no part in the contest. But he was not to be let off.

"Say, friend," the owner of the pig turned, aren't we going to hear from you?"

The schoolmaster, who perhaps had over in his mind looked attentively at a pig rose, went to the window, and stared out at this one. He deliberated for a moment, then, with modest reservation, named a certain number of pounds.

## Cheese a Valuable Diet

Could With a Large Degree of Satisfaction Be Made to Take the Place of Meat.

In America, unfortunately, cheese seems to be regarded more as a luxury than as a staple article of diet, yet one pound of cheese is equal in food value to two pounds of meat. It is rich in both protein and fat. Considering this, its price is very low, and it ought to do good service in the place of meat. Its food value is fully recognized abroad. In Switzerland and to a great extent in Germany and Italy, cheese is a part of the daily food-gives to the outdoor laborer in the place of meat. A great advantage in using cheese, and one that should appeal strongly to the overworked housewife, is that it is generally given unspiced. There is some doubt as to the digestibility of cheese, it is claimed by noted German scientists that when taken in the usual quantity—from one-fourth to one-half

## Autos for the Cabinet a New Topic at Capital

WASHINGTON.—The requisition of Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson for three automobiles, two for personal and one for departmental use, has brought up the subject of the private use of government conveyances. The demand for automobiles by the secretary of labor is based on the claim that "it is just as cheap now to purchase, maintain and operate a motorcar as it is a horse and wagon or buggy."

The government provides four or five automobiles for the president, one for the vice-president, one for the speaker of the house and one for the public printer, and carriages and horses for the members of the cabinet and their assistants. Cabinet members have two-horse carriages, and their assistants single horse coupes.

The White House cars cost from \$4,500 to \$6,000. Ex-Speaker Joseph G. Cannon rode in a large, handsome \$6,000 car, but Speaker Champ Clark has declined to use an automobile of any kind. Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall uses a government machine. In addition to the touring car at the White House, Uncle Sam provides an electric runabout for Mrs. Wilson and the Misses Wilson.

Every year, when the appropriation bills come in, there is an extended debate over the "intense" of the government vehicles by army and navy officers and others connected with the various departments. It is usually charged that government automobiles and horses and carriages and army mules are used for private calls. It is alleged that army officers and others attend social functions at the expense of the government. Sometimes, when there is a dance at one of the big hotels, visitors from Fort Myer come over in a wagon behind army mules. Several years ago in an effort to stop the promiscuous use of government teams, Uncle Sam had all of his vehicles marked, and that did not prove a success. The old practice continues.

The wives of cabinet members are entitled to the use of government vehicles for shopping or calling. With the horses and carriages goes a liveried driver.

The request of Mr. Wilson, coming as it does from the most modest department of the government, has caused much comment about Washington.

On Sundays, especially when the weather is fine, it is not unusual to see most of the cabinet teams out in Connecticut avenue, going to or from church. The member of the cabinet and his wife ride in one carriage and the children and other members of the family in another. In the case of a bachelor, like Attorney General McReynolds, the carriage is used for night riding around the Speedway, where the gentle breezes from the river circulate.

## Cabinet Officers Are Patrons of Lunch Rooms

SOME of the members of the cabinet have solved the problem of reducing the cost of living to figures within their incomes," said Col. Richard Ryan of Denver the other day. "In my trips to Washington in the last 20 years I have observed that I can get a pretty good quality of buttermilk at some of the dairy lunch rooms, but I was somewhat surprised recently to find at my elbow in one of these lunch rooms the secretary of the treasury, Mr. McAdoo, and two days ago I stood shoulder to shoulder with Secretary of War Garrison."

"I wonder if the people of Washington know that the milk and pie lunch room is peculiarly a Washington institution and that a former secretary of the treasury, more than any other person, was responsible for its popularity?" In the seventies, the late Frank Ward opened the first of these lunch rooms in the Corcoran building on Fifteenth street. It was not a big success at first, but one day John Sherman, secretary of the treasury in

President Hayes' cabinet, happened to notice the lunch room and went in to investigate. He drank a mug of milk and ate a sandwich and returned to his office. Thereafter he became a regular customer. It didn't take long till it was noised about among the treasury clerks that the secretary was a patron of the Ward lunch room and the business boomed.

"Frank Ward has been dead many years. He was killed by a trolley car on Georgia avenue, but the dairy lunch so modestly started by him in Washington, I think in 1879, is now to be found in every city and good sized village in the United States.

## Health Service Warns Against Cigar Clipper

The neat and prompt contrivance will still be of some use. In its ever-ready self-cocking, hair-trigger way, it can still snip slices off inquiring fingers, as of yore. It will still subserve the useful purpose of chopping superfluous matches into small bits—a favorite pastime in the temperance pool room of our mispent youth. The cigar store man will doubtless keep it wound up and waiting for what it may devour, for the cigar store business is founded on habit.

But we must ignore, avoid, eschew, shun, evade, elude and otherwise escape it and its peril. Be advised and chaw off your cigars, unless you carry a pocket clipper or a jackknife. Or—and this is considered very knowing—you may squeeze the tip of a good ten-center between your thumbs until the wrapper bursts. But on no account insert in the socket of the public clipper any filthy weed you intend putting to your lips. For whatever may be your ideas on the subject of interchanging mouth secretions you surely don't wish to be promiscuous about it.

Beware the public cigar clipper! Such was the warning sent out the other day by the public health service of the United States.

"This," read the statement, referring to the automatic clipper of the cigar shop, "would seem to be a very effective method of bringing about the interchange of mouth secretions and possibly the spread of infection."

When eminent authorities coincide so coincidentally, not only in thought but in the expression thereof, the rest of us are bound to pause in our mad career and give ear to enlightenment. We must give the go-by to the handy little snipper on the tobacconist's counter, so far as concerns the use for which it is intended.

## Just Smiled, Shook Hands and Let Them Go

THERE is no doubt that George Ulter, supervising inspector general of the steamboat inspection service, department of commerce, closely resembles in appearance William Howard Taft, now a professor at Yale and formerly president of the United States.

General Ulter, as the genial supervising inspector general is called, frequently found it embarrassing during the Taft regime to visit any of the executive departments. No sooner would he enter the building than the messengers of ebony hue would turn white and in their salams almost knock their heads on the floor.

With the outgoing of Mr. Taft and the incoming of Mr. Wilson, General Ulter believed he would find relief from that embarrassing mental wearing, against his will, of another man's mantle.

Not so! Everybody knew Professor Taft recently would be in town in attendance on a commission meeting of which he was a member and that he stayed over Sunday.

That Sunday, having nothing better to do, General Ulter got on a street car for the wharves to look over one of the Norfolk steamers. A few blocks further Representative Frederick C. Stevens of Minnesota got on the car and nodded to the inspector general. Then Representative Daniel A. Driscoll of New York got aboard. He, too, nodded.

In the meantime Mr. Ulter had been the focal center of a good many pair of eyes on the car, presumably sight

seers in particular. As Messrs. Stevens and Driscoll got off the car they stopped and shook hands with General Ulter and said a few words.

Close on their heels a couple with a Washington guidebook in their possession timidly stopped, shook hands and said how pleased they were to meet him. Then the procession of handshakers became continuous.

General Ulter didn't want to hurt the feelings of any of them—so he just smiled, shook hands and let 'em go. Instead of transferring at Seventh street for the wharves, he rode away past the capitol so the remaining staring passengers wouldn't wonder why he—the supposed Mr. Taft and former president of the United States—was going down to the river front on a Sunday morning, with no boats leaving until night.

Would Be Waste of Time.

"Why don't they let women make wills in some places?" "Because they think it is waste of energy. Women have wills already made."



## SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starts for an auto drive in New York, finding a stranger sent as her chauffeur. Later she is accosted by a stranger who climbs into the auto and chloroforms her. James Hamilton of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha. Hamilton, a Hambleton, seizes Agatha and takes her aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops overboard. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hamilton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hamilton, he makes call upon Grandma, Madame and Miss Melanie Reynier. He proposes to the latter and is refused. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hamilton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chatelet, who is Agatha's abductor. They fight and are interrupted by the sinking of the vessel. Jimmy and Agatha swim for hours and finally reach shore in a thoroughly exhausted condition. He covering slightly, the pair find Hand, the chauffeur who assisted in Agatha's abduction. He agrees to help them. Jim, delirious and on the verge of death, Hand goes for help. He returns with Dr. Thayer, who revives him, and the party is conveyed to Charleston, where Agatha's property is located. Van Camp and his party, in the Sea Gull, reach Charleston and get tidings of the wreck of the Jeanne D'Arc. Aleck finds Jim on the verge of death and Agatha in a stupor. Dr. Thayer declares his sister, Mrs. Stoddard, is the only one who can save Jim. She is a woman of strong religious convictions, and dislikes Agatha on account of her profession. She refuses to nurse him. Agatha pleads with her and she consents to take the case. Van Camp hears Agatha's story and gets on the track of Chatelet. Hamilton is finally out of danger. Chamberlain, friend of Van Camp, goes to Charleston. Agatha meets Melanie Reynier and both are surprised at their remarkable resemblance. Chamberlain by a chance industry induces him to go to Agatha's house. Melanie recognizes Chatelet as the spy of her persecutor, on whom she has a grudge. It was Melanie Chatelet he thought he was abducting. Before he can be arrested Chatelet escapes in an auto.

## CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.</